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AN INTRODUCTION

The initials, "L. K." which you found attached to the excellent report on the Basin Harbor Conference in the August NEWS AND NOTES *represent Mrs. Louise E. Koier, Assistant to the Director. Aside from being a capable secretary, she is also associate editor of the* QUARTERLY *and* NEWS AND NOTES. *Mrs. Koier specialized in History and English at Tufts College, and her editorial experience includes work on the* BIOLOGICAL BULLETIN *of the Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole, Mass., also an assistant editorship in the college textbook department of Henry Holt and Co.*

OUR STORY OF THE MONTH

A Helpful Suggestion

One of our town clerks who has good stories to tell of Vermont is responsible for this one. He can give names and dates, but we eliminate them.

In the elder days when revivalists bore down heavily on the "hell-fire and brimstone" theory, a certain revivalist discussing the above theme, announced with vigor in his address: "My grandmother was a bad woman and she is in hell."

As he ranted on, one, two, and then three men rose and left the hall. As each departed, he yelled to his audience and to each: "There goes a man straight to hell!" The first two made no answer. The third, going out sedately and calmly, turned toward the speaker on the platform and said mildly: "Have you a message for your grandmother?"

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Leon S. Gay, President; Dr. Arthur W. Peach, Director and Editor,
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Volume 3 October 1951 Number 2

THE STORY OF INDEPENDENCE STAND

A Bit of Furniture and Much History

If by some mysterious alchemy more than one article of furniture in our older homes or in our museums could speak, many an entrancing tale could be told. As it is, the silence about them grows deeper with the years. We plan to tell in brief sketches some of the stories in so far as we can rescue them. Here is a sketch of a small table, standing silently in the State Museum.

The authors of this brief history are Allyn R. Scott and Charles H. Scott, 8 Brady Road, Madison Barracks, Sackets Harbor, N. Y. *A. W. P.*

October is a rare month for the lovers of liberty and patriotism in Vermont. Nowadays, we hear the call of freedom's war against aggression and tyranny. It was so in 1774 and 1776, for it was on October 3, 1774, following a call of the New York City Committee of Correspondence, Isaac Low, Chairman, dated May 21, 1774, to ascertain the sentiments of the inhabitants of Cumberland County regarding the unjust acts of the British Parliament toward the Colonies, that a Chester, Vt., town meeting issued a call "to know the minds of the people regarding these acts and make report to New York."

In pursuance of this call on October 10th, 1774, the inhabitants of Chester met at the home of Lieut. Jonathan Tarbell, called Chester's "Independence Hall," chose Thomas Chandler, Esq., moderator, and voted Thomas Chandler, Jr., Timothy Olcott, Moses Gile, John Smith and John Grout a committee to join the county committee to make report to the Committee of Correspondence in New York; and the meeting gave expression to its sentiments by passing, without dissent, resolutions in opposition to the unjust acts of the Parliament in London.

These resolutions, in four parts, are a Declaration of Rights of the freeborn inhabitants of the Colonies to their property and persons to the effect that Acts of the British Parliament tending to take away or abridge these rights ought not to be obeyed and that the people of Chester would join with their fellow Americans in opposing in all lawful ways every encroachment of their natural rights.

These Resolutions or Declaration of Rights uttered at Chester, Vermont, October 10, 1774, were six months in advance of the famous Declaration of Rights of Mecklenburg, N. C., May 31, 1775, and two years in advance of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia July 4, 1776.

The U. S. Constitution and its Bill of

Rights of ten articles form the basis of our republican or representative form of government—the best in the world. The Resolutions or Declaration of Rights of Chester, Vt., of October 10, 1774, are therefore the forerunner of the Declaration of Independence and of the Bill of Rights attached to the U. S. Constitution, the latter adopted in 1791.

The Book of Town Records of Chester, pages 34 and 35, gives the full text of these Resolutions and on page 55 of Book A appears the following Resolution, reaffirming Resolutions of Oct. 10, 1774:

"We the subscribers, inhabitants of that district of land commonly called and known by the names of New Hampshire Grants, do voluntarily and solemnly engage under all ties held sacred amongst mankind at the risque of our lives and fortunes, to defend by arms the United American Colonies against the hostile attempt of the British fleet and armies until the present unhappy controversy between the two countries shall be settled."

This Association was signed Sept. 2, 1776, at Lieut. Tarbbell's house.

The town records here record the names of 42 signers to this Resolution—all brave and determined and liberty-loving inhabitants of Chester.

Above is a picture of the little stand of wood upon which this Association was signed at Lieut. Jonathan Tarbell's home on the hill south of Chester, Sept. 2, 1776. Upon this little stand stood the ballot box used many times at town meetings there.

The "Independence Stand" was given by Lieut. Jonathan Tarbell, a signer of the Resolution of Sept. 2, 1776, to his granddaughter Polly Morris, daughter of Mary Tarbell Morris and Uriah Morris, another signer.

Polly Morris married Benjamin Smith of Lunenburg and Fitchburg, Mass., and Chester, Vt. Benjamin Smith served in the Vermont Militia as an officer. He and his wife, Polly, and daughter, Almira Smith, 6 years old, moved to Sacket's Harbor, N. Y., in the spring of 1812, where Capt. Smith was a drillmaster of troops during the War of 1812-15 at Navy Point (Fort Tompkins) and at the site of Madison Barracks. They lived in log cabins at these points. Captain Smith and his wife Polly brought the little "Independence stand" from Vermont with them to Sacket's Harbor. Smith's Cantonment at Navy Point was doubtless named for him during the war of 1812-15. In 1816 they moved to a log house 6 miles east of Sacket's Harbor toward Watertown at a crossroads place afterwards called Blanchard's Corners, where on the southeast corner Stephen Blanchard and his wife built a famous little hotel in 1823 called the Blanchard Stand, still in existence and now used by the East Homesfield Library and for social gatherings. Mrs. Stephen Blanchard was Charlotte Morris of Chester, a sister of Mrs. Polly Morris Smith. It is believed that Stephen Blanchard came from Reading, Vermont.

Captain Benjamin Smith was a farmer and drillmaster of militia at General Trainings in the Black River Country from 1812 to the time of his death in 1856. General Trainings were held at Sacket's Harbor, Brownville, Watertown, on the public square in Lowville and in other places. Captain Smith was called "General Ben Smith," an honorary title given him by the people for his long service as drillmaster. He and his wife spent their last days at the fine home of their daughter, Mrs. Almira Lord, at Watertown, New York, where he passed away in 1856. Over 5000 soldiers and people were present at his funeral, as he was very well known and liked. His daughter, Almira (Smith) Lord became the wife of Judah Lord of South Woodstock, Vt., and Brownville, N. Y., in 1825, at East Homesfield, Jefferson County, New York. Judah Lord moved to Brownville in 1820, where his older brother, Col. William Lord, was living and where Col. Lord had organized a rifle regiment for the War of 1812. Judah Lord was a toolmaker and the inventor of and manufacturer of stoves, mowing machines and other agricultural implements. He was an all-round mechanic.

The little "Independence" stand was given by Mrs. Polly (Morris) Smith to her granddaughter, Frances Amelia Lord, daughter of Judah and Almira (Smith) Lord, who married Ross C. Scott, lawyer and Surrogate (Judge of Probate) of Jefferson County, N. Y., 1878-1895. Mrs. Scott was a D. A. R.

The stand was given by Mrs. Frances (Lord) Scott to her sons, Allyn Ross Scott and Charles Henry Scott, who in 1949 took great pleasure in presenting it to the Vermont Historical Society for preservation in their Historical Museum.

References:

Book A. Chester, Vt., Town Records. pp. 34, 36, 54, 55; *History of Windsor County, Vt.* by Aldrich and Holmes, pp. 46, 47; *An Address on the Declaration of Independence of Vermont* by Hon. Frank L. Fish at Westminster, Vt., Jan. 16, 1927, pp. 21 et seq.; *An Historical Address* by Hon. Gilbert A. Davis of Windsor in Proceedings at Chester, Vermont, June 29, 1909 in Old Home Week. Pub. Chester, 1909, pp. 243-7, especially pp. 25, 26, 27, 36, 37; for data of Mecklenburg, N. C., Declaration of Independence May 31, 1775, see Pocket Edition of Funk & Wagnall *Standard Encyclopedia of World's Knowledge*, Vol. XVII, pp. 170, 171; for date of Adoption of U. S. Constitution Bill of Rights Articles I-X of Amendments to the Constitution, see Hallock's *History of Our Country* by Reuben Post Hallem. Am. Book Co. Copyright 1923, 1926, p. xix of Appendix. Footnote.

TWO PLAINTIVE GHOSTS

The Rest of Their Story

In the October issue Professor Burgess Johnson of Stamford, Vt., began the story of two tombstones in the cemetery of Greenbush, Vt., those of the Rev. Jeremiah Johnson and his wife, Thomazin. The story is affectionately and entertainingly told, and it is suggestive of how much untold history lies in the silence of our small village cemeteries. Copies of the issue will be sent to our new members since October 1st if they wish for a copy. In this issue the story is concluded. Professor Johnson had been referring to James Gibson's connection with the famous Louisberg Expedition.—EDITOR

He urged the Governor to reconsider the proposed expedition after it had been once rejected by the General Court. He refused command of the expedition because of his non-colonial birth (though family legend is the only authority for this); but he contributed a company of men paid out of his own purse, and went along with them as a volunteer.

He seems to have vied with that other volunteer, Vaughn of Maine, in daring adventures, including the manning of a fire-boat which burned the French shipping under the guns of the island fortress; and after the triumphant success of the expedition, he was reimbursed by act of Parliament for his contribution to its cost.

The story was not over for Gibson, for by the terms of the convention of surrender all French prisoners were to be returned to France, and he was chosen to deliver them. That whole business was a gloomy adventure in itself, for the French government detained him practically as a prisoner, and months went by before he could get to England and back to Boston. His diary of the siege and of those subsequent doings was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in London in 1745.

Gibson's contributions to community life in Boston were many, including his share in the incorporation of Long Wharf. Not long after his return from France he was drowned at sea, going down with one of his own ships. His twelve-year old daughter was left an orphan under the guardianship of a rascal who secured possession of practically her entire estate, even collecting from the British Exchecquer the money voted to her father. She was adopted by the Reverend Samuel Niles of Braintree, and found happiness in his household, until she left it for marriage to Nehemiah Blanchard and moved to Charlestown, New Hampshire. There one daughter was born, who married Jeremiah Johnson.

There is little more for me to say concerning these two ancestorless ancestors. Several amateur genealogists have tried to provide Jeremiah with a full set of forebears by somehow descending him from Captive Johnson who, two generations earlier, happened to get born just across the road. We cannot support that, but we can offer compensation; for Jeremiah's oldest son married Susannah Bowen, a true descendant of Captive, and so gains for some of Jeremiah's grandchildren a claim upon that line of hardy Indian fighters. And a great-great grandson of James Gibson, who long ago re-

signed an honor in favor of Sir William Pepperrell, married the great-great granddaughter of Sir William, and the two of them have carried back to Vermont the Johnson name, the parchment arms of Gibson, and the deed to the Pepperrell tomb.

NOTE

The sentiment on Jeremiah's stone reads as follows:

I have fought the good fight
I have finished my course
I have kept the faith

HOW ABOUT YOUR CAVEMAN ANCESTORS?

"Immortality in Reverse"

Where were you in 50,000 B. C. or say 100,000 B. C.? Some ancestor of ours was around in those dim days — even if we would not recognize him if we were to meet him — or perhaps we would not want to. There are a few cavemen still loose of course — the jungle type who thinks that by slaughtering men who want a world of peace he can have his own way.

Dismissing the caveman, most of us are interested in our ancestors, although now and then we hear a hard-headed exponent of the present comment—"My ancestors are like a hill of potatoes — the best part of them underground." Such a benighted individual is not aware of the fun of the research or its lasting rewards in tracing the story that lies back of our lives. "Because so many people who want to track down their ancestors are at loss as to how to go about it, we are publishing this helpful guide to the amateur," Director Earle W. Newton wrote in publishing *Excursion into Genealogy* by Mary Childs Nerney.

The opening paragraph reads: "Where were you in 1718? In 1818 or in 1618? In 1818 you were walking abroad, probably in the guise of four grandparents. In 1718 you were looking at the world out of, say, thirty-two pairs of eyes; whereas very likely in 1618 some ten hundred and twenty-four individuals, all unwittingly, had the honor of being directly your ancestors." . . . "Where I was in 1718 is as interesting to me as Where I shall be in 2018? It is a sort of reversed immortality."

In journeying back through the past to find one's ancestors, it is wise to keep in mind that one is writing history and that the hundreds of little items, letters, stories, documents that appear, are a vital element in the process.

Our members who want to have a pleasant journey, even be surprised at the rogues uncovered along with saints among their ancestors (the rogues are often more interesting than the saints in some ways), will find this pamphlet, *Excursion into Genealogy,* (14 pp. and references) a wise and entertaining guide.

The cost is 25 cents, postpaid, and we will send it promptly to our members or their friends. Stamps will be accepted.

THE GREEKS HAD A NAME FOR IT

And We Plead Guilty

Mankind has done well, no doubt, with his five-sense mind, but he would have done much better through the ages if he had been given a sixth sense — one to remind him of blunders that his five senses had made after he had made them.

Somehow or other, in May's *News and Notes,* in listing the number of Century Farms in the state by counties, we omitted Washington County entirely. To make amends in part, instead of listing the number only, we are giving the owners and the date ownership began:

Washington County. *Barre* — W. C. Barrat, Jr., and Mrs. Robert B. Pitchers, 1819; I. A. and W. I. Goodrich, 1851; Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Haines, 1825; E. W. and R. A. Sargent, 1852; E. A. and C. C. Smith, 1805; P. A. and L. G. Smith, 1850; Everett and Mary Wilbridge, 1837; *Calais*—E. M. Ide, 1814; Hollister Kent, 1797; *Fayston*—J. P. Boyce, 1808; *Marshfield*—G. W. Holt, 1793; *East Montpelier*—Mrs. Alice Chapell, 1810; S. H. Cummings, 1846; Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Currie, 1790; Mrs. Ella McKnight, 1795; Mrs. Ruth Paine, 1832; G. F. Sibley, 1836; L. P. Young, 1788; *Plainfield*—Leland Bartlett, 1818; R. H. Perry, 1795; *Woodbury*—Mrs. Ephraim Salle, 1800; A. L. Haskell, 1841.

The above list is not final as we are gathering in additions steadily from all counties. It is revealing and highly suggestive to see how many farms there are in the state, each one of which has been in one family for a century or more; and each has its story which we hope to tell as time goes on.

Felix Concolor, Esq.

PANTHER, PANTHER—IS THERE A PANTHER?

Some More Panther Lore

As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so many Vermonters continue to see or believe they see panthers here and there in Vermont. For the benefit of our new three hundred members, we might add that in January our Director attempted to do away with the idea that there were living panthers or catamounts in Vermont, and he stated that the only one in existence was "good and dead" in the State Museum here. He made one of the mistakes of his life, as he agrees, in attacking this tradition. Stories of seeing panthers began to appear—honestly told and believed by the senders. No attention was paid to his claim that even in pioneer days catamounts were rare. He also used as reference data from John Spargo's *The Catamount in Vermont* in which Mr. Spargo states "From the first passage of white men of which we have any record through what is now Vermont down to the present time, a stretch of a little more than two hundred years, all the animals of this species positively known to have been killed do not number a score."

However, reports of panthers seen in recent weeks continue to roll in—and we are not counting the visions seen and versions made by practical jokers of which Vermont has aplenty. From Forestdale, near Brandon, one of the highly cultured towns in Vermont, comes a report (*Barre Times,* Sept. 11, '51). Three different citizens of Forestdale have seen the "crittur" or evidence of it. Near Middlebury, on the Bread Loaf mountain road a Second World War ski-trooper saw what he called a panther "cub." He took an axe to slay it, got within 30 feet, the animal snarled, and he (the hunter) ran. (*Barre Times,* Aug. 27, '51) . He secured aid, but the panther had disappeared. From Middlesex (near Montpelier, not Brandon) comes a careful item stating that the writer saw a "large animal jump out of the weeds. We are quite sure it is a panther. It looked like the one in the Museum." She adds: "Early last spring a deer was killed not far from the place where we saw the panther. You can still see the hair and some of the bones . . . It was killed on the spot."

The Rutland Herald which has a panther editor, known as "Panther Pete," roaming through its offices, prints in its "Stray Shots and Short Casts" column some comments by State Senator Milford K. Smith (VHS), a widely known outdoorsman and author of the column which is a feature of the *Herald.* Senator Smith discusses the "pros and cons" of the issue. He reasons that "There can be no doubt that a great number of well-meaning people who have reported seeing a panther have actually seen something else." Also, "Bill Greene, who is familiar with panthers, and who has hunted Vermont with dogs that are accustomed to trailing this animal, has never sighted one in Vermont." On the "pro" side, he reasons that some reliable people claim to have seen "painters," that the animal is shy, that there is a lot of mountain country in Vermont, that there are panthers in New Brunswick, and that they may have wandered [across Maine, New Hampshire, evidently] into Vermont.

The Senator takes this position: "As for us, we'll be from Missouri, rather than from Vermont, on this question." Mr. Spargo concludes that, "A commonsense view of the matter surely is that such reports are less 'fantastic' and 'incredible' than the unqualified denials of them."

Our Director takes the position that

these two gentlemen are sitting gracefully and serenely on the fence, a comfortable attitude in such an issue. He states flatly that there "ain't" no panthers, cougars, catamounts, pumas, or "painters" in Vermont; and the offer made a year ago by a member of VHS still holds—$100 for any panther killed in Vermont with proof it was killed here. Our Director draws the line at any panther imported from the Rockies or bought second-hand from any zoo.

Readers doubtful about the "looks" of a panther are invited to scan the features of the "Vermont panther" as visualized by our artist, Mr. Edward Sanborn. We cannot account for the look of smugness on *felix concolor's* countenance, but there probably is a reason for it—as there isn't in seeing panthers in Vermont.

THE GOOD WORK GOES ALONG

Local Societies Alert

Each town with a reasonably strong local historical society — not necessarily with large numbers but rather with members deeply interested—is not only an asset to the State but to its own region. Any community with a sense of background, of depth of living, of meaning behind it, carries its head much higher than a community with shallow memories of the past. We welcome and will publish news the local societies send us.

Here are the new officers of the Thetford Historical Society: Pres., Mary B. Slade; 1st vice pres., Richard J. Fowler; 2nd vice pres., E. H. Sargent; treas., William Worcester; sec., Christine H. Vaughn; curator, C. H. Hughes; cor. sec., Mary B. Slade; executive board, the officers with Emma Coombs, Katherine Howard.

Historic Weathersfield has reorganized the Dan Foster House Association into the Weathersfield Historical Society. No list of officers has reached us, but it will be printed if and when it does arrive.

One of the most fascinatingly historic places in Vermont is the Isle La Motte—an island that should appeal not only to the historian, but the poet and story teller. It has seen, without question, a wider sweep of history than any other section of the state. One of these days, we hope to publish much more about it than we have; and we hope to have the co-operation of the able set of officers now heading the Isle La Motte Historical Society. Here they are — Pres., Lawrence J. Doolin; 1st vice pres., Rev. C. S. Quimby; 2nd vice pres., Miss Mabel Holcomb; sec., Mrs. F. Emerson Andrews; cor. sec., Mrs. Wm. H. Hill, Sr.; treas., Wm. A. Hill, Jr.

AN EVOLUTIONARY NOTE ON THE RAZOO

A Mystery Is Explained

Prof. Burges Johnson's "Unnatural History Notes from Fiddler's Rest" in our May, 1951, issue tapped the tall-tale teller instinct still rampant in Vermont.

Down in Washington a real Vermonter who happens to be a U. S. Senator read Prof. Johnson's appeal for more data on the Green Mountain Razoo that travels always in one direction on mountains because one set of his legs is shorter than the other. Senator Ralph E. Flanders with his usual perspicuity has the solutions as to the Razoo's method of locomotion.

He suggests that the Razoo's general name is *Gee Whizicus Americanus*, but there is a variation inhabiting Vermont, known as *Vermontiensis*. The American version can go around a mountain or any elevation but cannot turn around and go back; so it is caught by merely heading it off.

The Vermont version, however, does not suffer with any much handicap. When headed off, or when it feels the desire to return to some spot in the rear, it makes good use of its long neck which is characteristic of the variety. It runs this neck down along under its tummy so that it can look between its hind legs, and its joints are so flexible that it can make as good time running backward as forward.

This explanation seems to us to be marked by unquestionable logic; and we feel that Professor Johnson may consider the issue he raised is settled. If any reader is in doubt, his query will be referred to the above-named authorities. We have trouble enough trying to explain the antics of the usual two-legged variety of *Vermontiensis*.

For some time now, we have been mulling over the idea of a page of VHS news, letters, and curious odds and ends of information we have come across in the course of answering the daily mail. But when the question arose of a name for this pot-pourri, we struck a dead end. Post-box and Mail-bag seemed too threadbare. Besides there are limits to what either a post box or a mail box can contain. Impasse! Until the night a member of the staff glanced at the clock and said, "Almost time to catch the stage!"

The stage! We could hardly believe our ears. But actually, although in many places it is now known as the Star Route, the stage still runs. Here in Montpelier we have the Worcester stage and the Calais stage; further afield there is the Bradford-Barre stage, the Plainfield-Hardwick stage, the Bethel-Rochester stage. Unlike their ancestors, these modern stages are impelled by automotive power instead of four or six stout horses, but the routes are essentially unchanged, and they can carry anything in the vegetable, mineral or animal kingdom. It would therefore appear that the daily stage is a versatile vehicle, which was just what we had in mind.

During the past summer months, we have had a pleasant correspondence with one of our newest members, Mr. Edgar J. Howard of Westfield, N. J., who has a very promising stake in the future in the form of two enterprising and alert teenage sons. In July, Mr. Howard, whose grandfather was once postmaster of Fairfax, wrote that his son Ed Howard, Jr., had completed auditions on the Ted Mack Amateur Hour and would appear on the program shortly. Well-known as a ballad-singing guitarist, for one and a half years Ed had his own program called "The Ed Howard Show" presented by WXNJ-FM of Plainfield, N. J. He is also an Eagle-Ranger Scout and assistant scoutmaster and after graduating from Westfield Senior High School last June, was awarded a scholarship in voice at Tusculum College in Greenville, Tennessee.

A good many out-of-state people who come here and buy an old house become so interested in Vermont history while they are restoring their home that before long they are writing in to find out how they can become members of our Society. These men and women have a genuine creative approach to history and we are happy to welcome them. So if you know someone who falls into that category, and almost every one knows at least one out-of-stater in this group, please send in his name so that we can extend him an invitation.

Speaking of the restoration of old houses, we have just received word from one of our institutional members—the Bliss Forge of Ascutney, Vt.—that they have a wide selection of traditional hardware, including H and L hinges, pulls and latches, fireplace irons and even a "Devil's pitchfork." You may find yourself needing one of these items.

Do any of you collect old silver? Mrs. Ellen Simon, one of our New York members, is very fond of early American silver and writes that on her yearly vacation in Vermont she had been able to pick up many a good piece. She concedes that they are not showpieces of the first magnitude, but says they "all show fine shape and outline, good proportions, a certain chaste stern beauty, very good workmanship and fine heavy good silver." But she has had some difficulty in identifying the hallmarks on these pieces and has been unable to locate one even in Seymour B. Wyler's *Book of Old Silver* which I take to be the Bible of this field. She suggests that it would be a very worthwhile undertaking to try to throw more light on the pertinent data of these Vermont silversmiths.

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Many articles appearing in *News and Notes* are not intended to be final; in fact, most of them are exploratory and suggestive and the news items are transient in character, but the annoying question, "Now where did I see that?", is becoming more annoying to us and many readers; so, beginning with the September number, an index will be prepared.

OUR STORY OF THE MONTH

A Matter of Logic

Very few "sexton yarns" survive in Vermont, probably because the traditional sense of gentleness and consideration in the face of sickness and death usually silences the telling of amusing incidents that are bound to occur. However, here is one that has to do with a sexton who had a bad temper and a stutter.

The standard price for digging a grave was $1. When the wife of a local citizen died—a woman of large proportions—the sexton charged the widower $1.50. The widower refused to pay the extra fifty cents. Thereupon, the sexton blew up as follows: "Dod hh rot it, hh you'll pay me hh the dolr'n half hh er out hh the old woman hh comes! . . . Yes, I do hh dig graves hh for a dol'r, but hh not hh — a cellar!"

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
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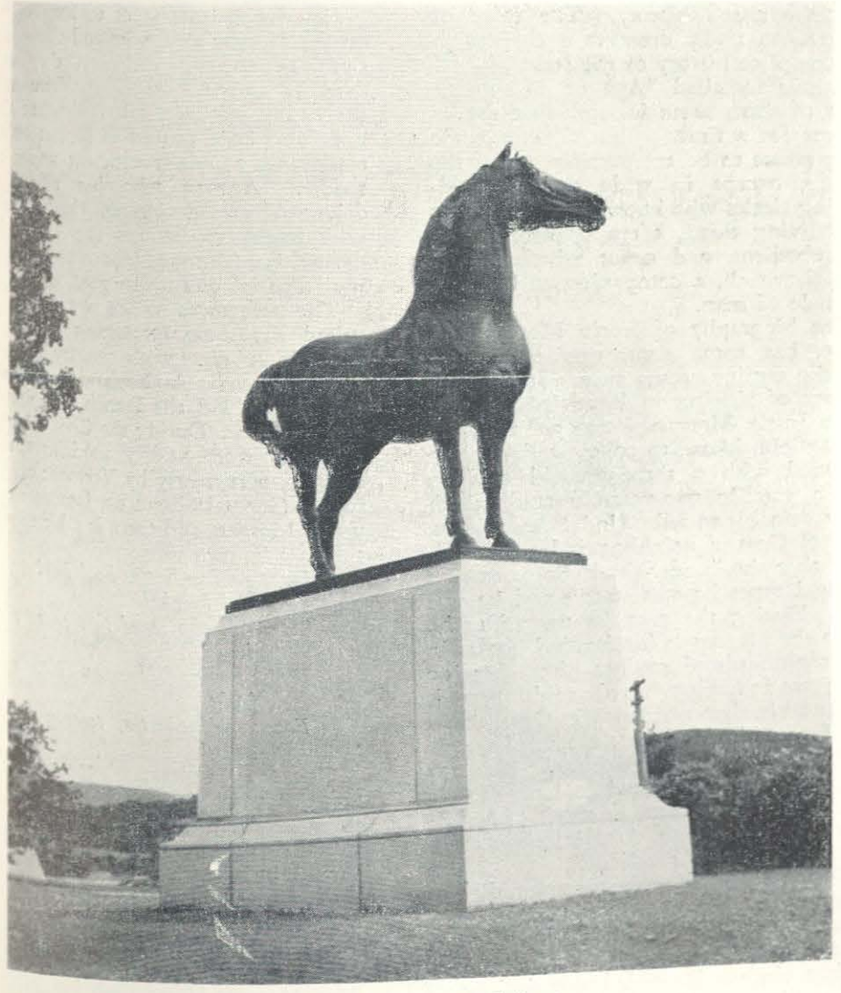

A Man and a Horse and History